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The United States by the Constitution are prohibited by the States, or by the Government, or to the people.—Constitution of the United States.

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第十一章

... by the Society, a related by-
product of the Convention, Michigan,
and the Society's Identity, all parties being

says, that, from first to last, there was no desire to escape or evade the fate of the unfortunate young squaw.

In the spring of 1842, Nogisqua an Indian of the Potowatamy tribe, residing in this country, having pawned his gun and part of his clothing from time to time, to a man named John Newbank, for intoxicating drink, the trader proposed to the Indian that if he would sell him a certain cream-colored pony belonging to his squaw, and a present from the Indians, Newbank, a chief of their people, would give him up his gun and clothing, and let him have more strong drink upon his word. To this Nogisqua agreed, and

It appeared that his squaw having some suspicion of what was going on, employed her younger brother to watch the result; and inform her; which it appears he did. Upon the return of the Indian to his camp, partly intoxicated, the squaw highly enraged, accused him of selling her pony. She became more and more enraged at his indifference about the affair, and at length declared that she would kill him. He handed her his scalping knife, and drawing aside his hunting shirt, and making his bosom bare, colly exclaim'd, 'Kine poa.' (kill away!)—She instantly plunged it to the handle in the Indian's breast, which caused his death in a few minutes.

Her father, the Indian chief, being then absent some twenty or thirty miles east, a runner was despatched to inform him. Soon after, Mr. Fowler says, he saw him pass by his house with a sad countenance, for the place of the murder.

A heartrending duty devolved upon the old chief. His woe was to acquit or condemn his agonizing daughter, according to the Indian usage, from time immemorial. His daughter was the handsomest squaw in the tribe, and a darling child; and the names of his relatives, together with his own sympathies rolled upon the mind of the chief like the rushing of the mighty deep upon the rocks in the overhanging clefts. He could not decide. No other tribunal was within reach of criminal justice.

The chief, like aged Joseph, when he made his report known to his brethren, could contain himself no longer. His integrity as

an Indian chief provided. He rolled his troubled eye for the last time upon his darling daughter, then upon his kindred, and upon a portion of his tribe that stood before him, and then to the Great Spirit for firmness. The storm of agony in the mind of the chief had passed away, and in deep sorrow he decided that his daughter ought to die by the hand of the nearest kin to the surviving Indian, according to the custom of ages past. The father, chief, and judge, then withdrew, with nothing but his integrity to console him—which the whole world could neither purchase nor bribe.

Upon inquiry, it was decided that Jones, brother of Nogisqua, then south, near Ft. Wayne, should execute the sentence. Accordingly, a messenger was sent for him, and he came without delay. After hearing that his son had been killed, the cry of a brother's grief rent the air, and passed on which he stood, through the ranks, and gave one to every

and with the Catholic hierarchy,
and the power by her long flowing hair,
of the queen of the forest of the earth. Then
she said, "I will be made an incision
in my side, and I will give birth to a son,
bowed down, who will be born with the knife to the han-
d, and he will strike a rush of blood.
A long and dolorous followed, and
when the son was born he lay stiff in

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days, that from first to last, there was no desire to escape or evade the fate of the unfortunate young squaw.

Mexico to Country Doctor.—“Never,” says the Gymnase Journal, “has there been a place which does not advertise. It is very hard to do such business as small stores, and it always sell dearest of any.”

There is a great deal of truth, as well as good advice in the above few lines. The tendency of a liberal system of advertising is to facilitate the general transaction of business by quick sales, speedy returns, and small profits; whilst those who neglect this system must, as a consequence, even if in possession of goods of a superior quality, make slow sales, and heavy profits, to pay interest on their capital invested. The history of business and business men in Ballymena fully exemplifies this; and those who advertise have always taken off the cream trade, grown rich, and left the skim-milk of adversity and hard times for those who do not neglect their true interests. A man who advertises freely, becomes better known one year than one who does not advertise, twenty; for the first will have customers from all quarters, while the latter will be confined to a few regulars. Persons who reside at a distance are always governed by advertisements in making out their orders, and invariably seek those stores when they come in to purchase goods. How necessary, then, that all merchants, mechanics, and traders of all descriptions, should provide themselves liberally with those moveable signs, for patronage and business, it is very important to him that he should be as extensively known as possible and that the advantages of doing business with him should be brought to the knowledge of the whole community.—*Ballymena Sun.*

"The course of true love never did run smooth," but it appears to have run particularly rough in the case of Dr. Mackay, of New Orleans, and a fair daughter of Judge Avery, of that city, of whom he had become smored. Papa said "no;" so the pair started off in a carriage, privately, to Lafayette, to get "spliced." On the road they met the lady's brother, who attempted to stop them, but was pitched into the mud by the driver. The next obstacle with which they came in collision was not so easily got over, being a heavy dray—and they were pitched into the mud. As one of the horses was killed, the carriage smashed, and the Jehu "knocked into a cocked hat," the lovers had to make to their personal powers of progression, and they trudged back to New Orleans through mud and rain, the hope of finding an up-river steamboat saving them to bliss. They found one; embarked; but the family of the lady heard of it, chartered another boat, and at the last moment (Dec. 12) the two steamers were "giving it" up stream, at a boiling gallop, while the citizens on shore were giving and taking odds on the result.

[*N. Y. True Sun.*]

Interesting Anecdote.—John Inman, Esq., talented associate editor of the *N. York Commercial Advertiser*, tells the following

er, Webster said he called one day to see John Adams, the companion of Washington, second President, who was a man, and at times had a great difficulty walking. He made his call a little ridiculous to his health. He said to Mr. Adams, 'I am glad to see you, and I hope that you are getting along well.' To which Mr. Adams replied, taking a long breath, in the following forcible language: 'Ah! sir, quite the contrary. I find I am a poor man, now-a-days, so much shattered by time; it always trembles with every wind, and has almost to decay; and what is worse, I have lost, as near as I can find out,

erty.—Beauty has so many charms, we know not how to speak of them. It is possible that a person may have a portion of a virtuous soul, where the countenance speaks out the meekness, purity of the mind, and the innocence of the heart. The countenance is the window of the soul; it may be allowed to be unattractive, which is natural; and yet the whole soul may be such, it will be at least that portion like truth, even if

and was established in Boston, with
the name of the Boston Museum.

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